So hallowed and ſo gratious is that time.
Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part beleeue it,
But looke the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eaſtward hill:
Breake wee our watch vp and by my aduiſe
Let vs impart what wee haue ſeen to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This ſpirit dumb to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Doe you conſent wee ſhall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitting our duety.
Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where wee ſhall find him moſt conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Floriſh. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Counſaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet cum Aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory bee greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greeſe and our whole kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe,
Yet ſo farre hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That wee with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our ſelues:
Therefore our ſometime Siſter, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntreſſe to this warlike ſtate
Haue wee as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auſpitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage,
In equall ſcale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue wee herein bard
Your better wiſdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you know yong *Fortinbraſſe*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our ſtate to bee diſioynt, and out of frame
Colegued with this dreame of his aduantage
Hee hath not faild to peſter vs with meſſage

Importing

Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of law
To our moſt valiant brother, ſo much for him:
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the buſines is, we haue here writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbraſſe*
Who impotent and bedred ſcarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe; to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect, and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſines with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe delated articles allow:
Farwell, and let your haſt commend your duty.
Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we ſhow our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of ſome ſute. what iſt *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to the Dane
And loſe your voyce; what would'ſt thou begge *Laertes?*
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more native to the heart
The hand more inſtrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes?*
Lar. My dread Lord.
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To ſhow my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what ſaies *Polonius?*
Polo. He hath my Lord wrung from me my ſlow leaue
By labourſome petition, and at laſt
Vpon his will I ſeald my hard conſent,

I.